



TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. LIBER QUARTUS.

Prohemium Libri Quarti.

Than laugheth she, & maketh him the mowe.

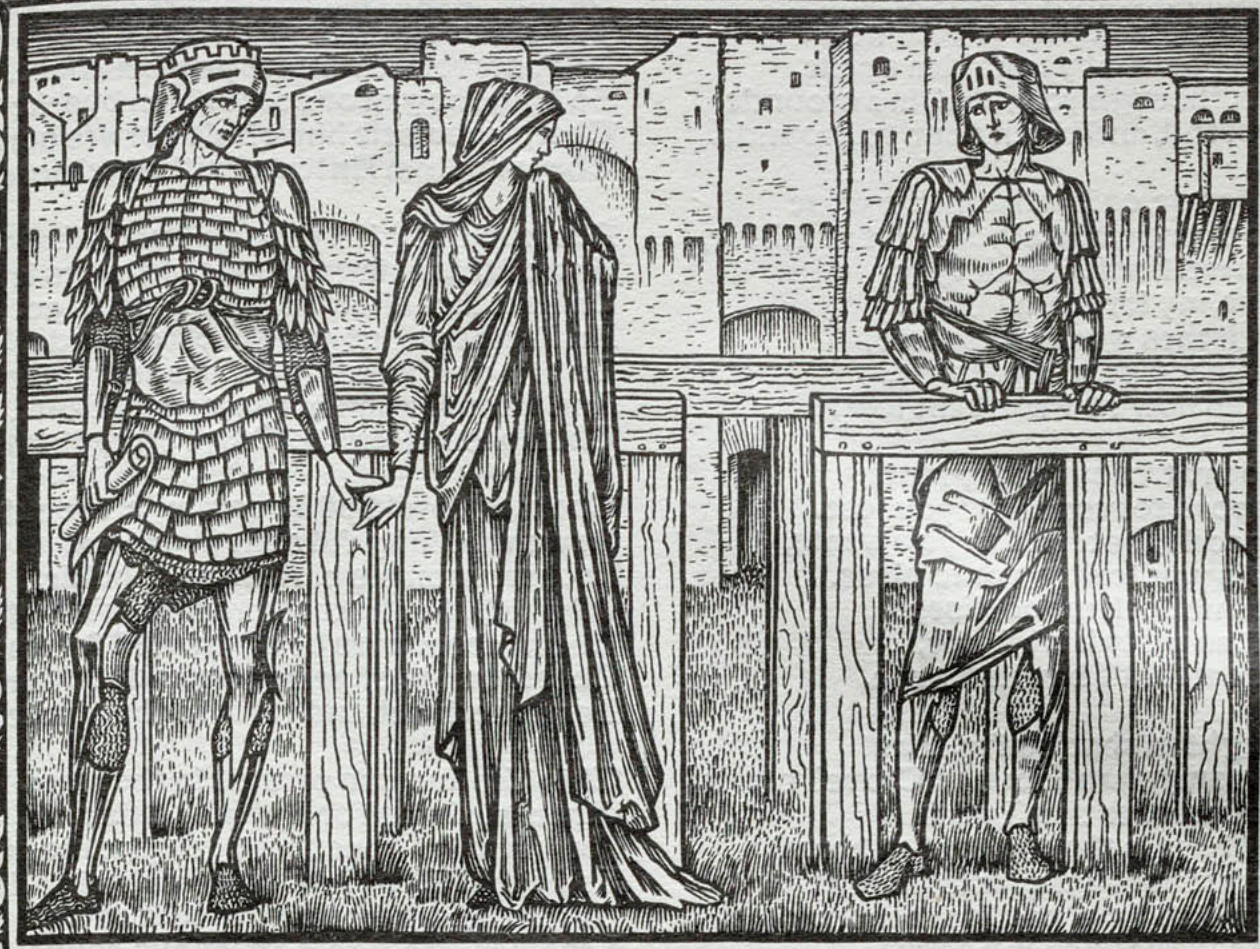
from Troilus she gan hir brighte face
Awey to wrythe, and took of him non hede,
But caste him clene oute of his lady grace,
And on hir wheel she sette up Diomedes;
for which right now myn herte ginneth blede,
And now my penne, alas! with which I wryte,
Quaketh for drede of that I moot endyte.

for how Criseyde Troilus forsook,
Or at the leste, how that she was unkinde,
Mot hennesforth ben matere of my book,
As wryten folk thorough which it is in minde.
Alas! that they shulde ever cause finde
To speke hir harm; and if they on hir lye,
Ywis, hemself sholde han the vilanye.

O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,
That endelees compleynen ever in pyne,
Megera, Alete, and eek Thesiphone;
Thou cruel Mars eek, fader to Quiryn,
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,
So that the los of lyf and love yfere
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Explicit Prohemium.

AL TO LITEL, MEYLAMEY the whyte,
Lasteth swich joye, ythanked be fortune!
That semeth trewest, whan she wol bygyle,
And can to foles so hir song entune,
That she hem hent & blent, traytour comene;
And whan a wight is from hir wheel ythrowe,



Incipit Quartus Liber.

LIGGINGE in ost, as I
have seyde er this,
The Grekes stronge,
aboute Troye toun,
Bifel that, whan that
Phebus shynynge is
Upon the brest of Her-
cules Lyoun,
That Ector, with ful
many a bold baroun,
Caste on a day with Grekes for to fighte,
As he was wont to greve hem what he mighte.

Not I how longe or short it was bitwene
This purpos and that day they fighte mente;
But on a day wel armed, bright and shene,
Ector, and many a worthy wight out wente,
With spere in hond and bigge bowes bente;
And in the berd, withoute lenger lette,
Hir fomen in the feld anon hem mette.

The longe day, with speres sharpe ygrounde,
With arwes, dartes, swerdes, maces felle,
They fighte and bringen hors and man to
grounde,
And with hir axes out the braynes quelle.

But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle,
The folk of Troye hemselven so misledden,
That with the worse at night homward they
fledden.

At whiche day was taken Antenor,
Maugre Polydamas or Monestes,
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polynestor,
Polyte, or eek the Troian daun Ripheo,
And othere lasse folk, as Phebus eo.
So that, for harm, that day the folk of Troye
Dredde to lese a greet part of hir joye.

Of Pryamus was yeve, at Greek requeste,
A tyme of trewe, and tho they gonnen trete,
Hir prisoner to chaungen, moste and leste,
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete.
This thing anon was couth in every strete,
Bothe in thassege, in toun, and everywhere,
And with the firste it cam to Calkas ere.

Whan Calkas knew this tretis sholde holde,
In consistorie, among the Grekes, sone
He gan in thringe forth, with lordes olde,
And sette him thereas he was wont to done;
And with a chaunged face hem bad a bone,
for love of God, to don that reverence,